

SEGMENT JORUNE



Greetings from JORUNE! We hope you enjoyed last month's segment --- we enjoyed putting it together. This month we want to start with an episode about a young caji learning to become a master. Then a point-by-point description of how Isho works, more background information into the cultural development of the human and Iscin races, our promised feature on foods on Jorune, a Beagre and Beyond section detailing a variety of tarro, and a mini-campaign involving a shanthic device and a 4500 year old bochigon ready to return to the battle field.

Read on, and remember: questions and comments are welcomed. We also take submissions. Please address all correspondence relating to SEGMENT JORUNE to the address noted at the close of the Segment.

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A CAJI'S DAY OF DANGER

Fiction by Andrew Leker

Nandreth strolled blithely down the cobbled road toward the Bazaar, or so it would appear to anyone not familiar with his daily ritual. His fingers fiddled with his lucky green and red checked crystal pouch that dangled at his side as he ambled off the road, over the Cryer Bridge, and into Laysis, the Isho Free Area.

As Nandreth entered the pine grove that led to the Cryshell River's edge, he slowly built up the Isho in his palms. "The slower the better," he thought to himself, lest he send out a ripple strong enough to be detected. His steps became slow and purposeful. Anticipation was tinged with anxiety. Yesterday's bruises weren't going to heal quickly, and his left wrist still ached. Nandreth was still feeling the razing he had taken when his friends on Southside saw his welt.

Just then he felt it. A subtle sensation at most, but he now knew better than to ignore it - that was how he'd gotten got the welt. He stopped, tensed. He sensed a presence, an Isho presence on his left. Rapidly weaving a power orb, he spun around to

face the source of the disturbance in the sho-sen. His eyes met with two others -- on stalks. The small, fig-shaped body that supported them stood atop a large boulder just ahead. He released his bright yellow orb at the creature now, imparting just the right spin to ignite its motion away from his palms. The swirling luminescence flew toward its thriddle target.

The next moment arrived without thought on Nandreth's part. As he stood motionless, awaiting the impact, an orange tail plumed from the orb's side, rending the spherical shape apart with a loud 'cccchhop.' The remaining meter of the orb's flight was a spectacle of a dozen or so sheaths of brilliant yellow light which dissipated that second. Nandreth's heart fell and his stomach knotted up with the memory of yesterday's failure, with yesterday's wounds still fresh enough to reinforce his shame. He must practice again and again, if he was ever to become a caji. The orb had started out so admirably, only to crumble out of the unsure structure that was the best Nandreth could muster under tense circumstances -- his orbs never unwove during practicing in the kerning bay

"Panic? Did you panic?" the thriddle taunted Nandreth in a decidedly superior tone of voice. "If I was a crugar I could have..." Blast! A red bolt flew from the thriddle's tiny palm and pierced the small space between Nandreth's feet, starting his boots afire. The bolt caught the student by surprise. "Didn't detect my Desti building? Did you Nandry?" the thriddle teased. Nandreth hated to be called Nandry, and his thriddle fadri knew it. Stomping out the flames that singed his thombo hide boots, Nandreth answered the thriddle in a quaking voice. "No, I felt you, but n'not your lightning blast being p'prepared." He slowly regained his composure, hoping that the thriddle would cease his mock attack. "Benna GiRomo, I sensed you earlier today than yesterday. Tomorrow you will not surprise me." There was a pause as the small, fig-like shape made his way down the boulder's edge.

"Nandreth," the thriddle began, "should you detect me sooner, should you sense my Isho building, you will still fail. Your orb could not hold its form."

"But..." Nandreth interrupted.

"No no no. Spend the day with Pleator, the hishtin. He will see your Isho from Du pervert your orbs -- he will show you your failing. Then you will be ready for me tomorrow. You must perfect your power orb before I will teach you other dyshas."

Some commentary for
the sholari

Nandreth is a caji who lives in Ardoth. His friend, Benna GiRomo, a thriddle, is quite good with energy woven into the orbs and bolts that people call "dyshas." Each day at the same time, Nandreth walks to the Isho Free Area where GiRomo is waiting for him. Unfortunately, Nandreth has a problem weaving his power orbs quickly. His weave is pure when he practices in the kerning bays (places where caji expel unwanted Isho, or practice their dyshas), but when he's under pressure, small amounts of impure Isho enter his weave, imbalancing the delicately resonating waves of energy.

Benna GiRomo is a thriddle "fadri," a teacher. He challenges Nandreth to his limits, and gives him an unpleasant reminder when he fails. Nandreth isn't convinced that it's the best way to learn, however, and is seeking another mentor, preferably one of his own race.

Pleator the hishtin is a boccord who works in a nearby kerning bay. He has trained himself to interfere with orbs and bolts just before they strike him. In so doing he is able to "feel" any imperfections in their weave and comment on the sender's technique. Pleator is a friendly sort, and charges a reasonable 20 gu per short lesson.

A quick note on the Isho Free Area: those new to the city find this distinction puzzling. Most assume the meaning to be an area "free" of Isho, the planet's ambient energy. What many visitors discover, after being shot at and kernald on, is that in this part of town Isho use is unmonitored and unrestricted. The city's small army of daijic can detect the use of Isho emanating from here, but they will not enter and investigate, as they do elsewhere.

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ISHO

Hints for Sholari's by Andrew Leker

This section is designed to give Jorune sholaris an understanding of Isho and dyshas at a deeper level than mere combat. We review here the basics of Isho as described in the Player Manual of the Jorune Boxed Edition while offering additional insight into the nature of this ethereal Jorune energy.

I. Isho, Pure and Simple.

- 1) Isho is invisible to normal sight. Humans cannot see Isho.
- 2) Shanthas and shanthic life "see" by the way that Isho deforms around objects such as creatures, rocks, trees, etc.
- 3) The amount of Isho in an object depends upon its density, ie; a rock is denser than a tree, thus it will contain less Isho per cubic foot.
- 4) Isho is everywhere on Jorune, but it exists in greater and lesser quantities depending upon geography.
- 5) Some forms of life are able to "latch" onto Isho, and a few of these are able to make use of it. For shanthas this is quite natural, for many forms of Jorune life it is instinctual, and for muadra it is acquired with effort. Ramian and creatures related to them are in no way able to latch onto Isho or detect its use.

II. Isho ripples: Signatures

- 1) Isho ripples are constantly given off by any and all forms of life which interact with Isho. These ripples are given off in all directions. It is not unlike a firecracker's bang is heard in all directions, or the ripples in a pond traveling radially outward.
- 2) Isho ripples are called "signatures." Signatures of different forms of life are readily distinguished by those with Isho perception. Similar forms of life produce similar signatures; these can be differentiated only with difficulty.
- 3) A creature's signature is tied intimately to its strengths in the different color groups. In identifying a signature as that of a woffen, for instance, it would be important to know that woffen are capable of learning the "power hold" dysha. Thus, the race must have some propensity toward the Ebba group, which is yellow (Ebba orbs are yellow. Signatures, as opposed to orbs and bolts, don't really have a color that can be seen, but are differentiable to someone with an acute signature sense. However, those familiar with signatures use colors to describe them. Such

a creature's signature would be "Ebba-like," and the naull orb, or copra, created by such a creature would be strongly yellow.

III. Naulls and orbs

- 1) The brains of the different intelligent and non-intelligent races are better suited for dealing with some forms of Isho over others.
- 2) Creatures which interact with Isho can fine tune their ability to perceive or weave, with time and practice.
- 3) Isho interacts with the energy given off in biological-chemical reactions. The transfer of energy in normal brain functions is appropriate for this exchange.
- 4) Muadra are able to develop dyshas and Isho skills because the part of their brain that is capable of undergoing Isho/energy transfers develops earlier than in humans and boccord. Their brains develop around this process and learn to deal with Isho as a source of energy controlled by the mind.

IV Lih-ahls: Dysha Groups

When Caji Gends was trained by Sho Copra-Tra more than a half-millennia ago, the learning was broken down into seven disciplines. Each group, Caji leaned, had its own complexities, its own challenges. It was important to master them all if one wished to be competent with Isho. At its highest level the ability to sculpt Isho was an art form, one which Caji Gends grew to quickly appreciate.

After building his pupil's Isho to a respectable level, Sho Copra-Tra taught Caji Gends to weave a naull, one that was woven tightly enough to remain for hours. Once accomplished, Caji eagerly awaited moving on to new learning, to the learning of the seven lih-ahls, or dysha groups described in greater detail in an upcoming White Wolf Supplement.

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BACKGROUND ON ISCIN

Jorune history by Amy Leker

Iscin was a geneticist from the original Earth/Jorune colonization. His work as a colonist was mandated by the colony management until the colony's demise in the year Zero. It was then that his individual research was able to progress

unimpeded by the prejudices and laws of his former compatriots; left to his own laboratory after the War, he began the aggressive research and testing that lead to the creation of the Blount, Crugar, Woffen, and Bronth races. These "Children of Iscin" were engineered from the basic structures of frogs, cougars, wolves, and bears, cryogenically preserved DNA from all of which he had at his disposal in his lab. Iscin left another legacy to his descendants (both human and otherwise), but it was a gift that was not to be understood for hundreds of years following his death. It would be the gift of life to the humans who knew it for what it was.

The Legend of Gauss and Durlig

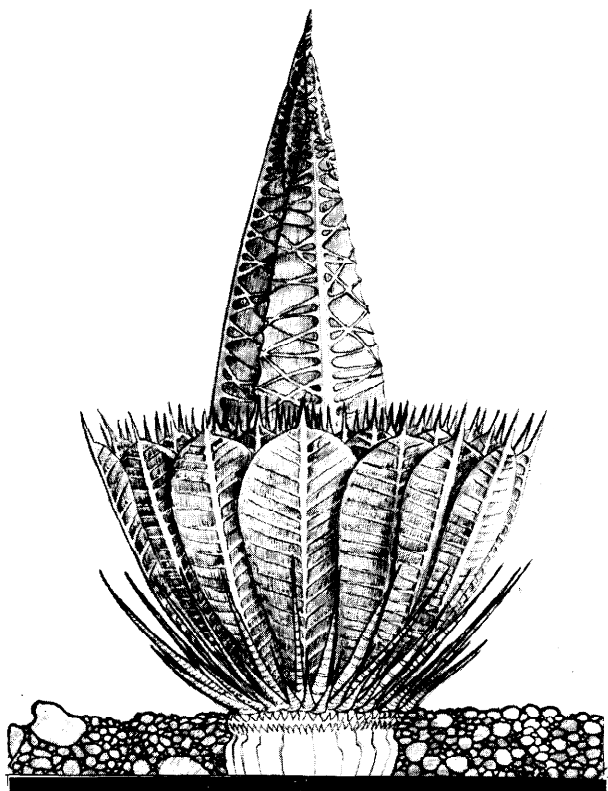
The years after the colony's demise were years of slow growth. Human civilization had been largely destroyed; surviving colonists abandoned their technology and home-sites in fear, and thus began the gradual digression of man from master of his environment to hunter/gatherer. Four centuries after Iscin's death, most colony descendants lived in small bands. In the face of great adversity and basic survival needs, much higher knowledge was lost. Stories of the "Star-Dwellers" were preserved, but language changed subtly and thoughts were turned mainly to tasks at hand. It was into this world that Gauss was born. His tribe survived mostly by hunting small game and collecting edible vegetation, but they had started the rudimentary processes of farming that stabilized their lifestyle to a degree not felt for centuries. Like all other colony descendants, Gauss' people were much weaker than had been their fore-fathers. Also, although the mutation variations had slowed, almost twenty percent of newborns were not recognized as pure-strain human. The deviants that survived most frequently were of two identifiable types: the first were very small and weak, never fully physically developing, but of full mental ability. The second strain were larger than even the pure-strain humans, but unbearably clumsy until after their teen years. Gauss' family was all pure-strain, a fact in which they took immense pride. His parents passed on more to him than the simple mythologies of his ancestors; they gave him their written language as well. Gauss was dissatisfied with the quality of life his tribe endured; he aspired to the dignity of the Star-Dwellers. His mind wandered, and then his body followed. He spent years combing the areas said to have been home to the Ancients. He had come into manhood before he discovered the metal ruins he had dreamed about all his life.

He fought against the enveloping vines and brush

that had swallowed his temple, and finally beheld the splendor of the ancients. Consoles of sparkling light and metal lined the walls of the installation. His awe prevented him from touching these things, but his attention was then drawn to objects more organic and familiar: he found paper and books and journals, all covered with the writing that he had been raised to understand. Comprehension was no easy task, however, and he found himself lost in the technicality of the writings. One issue was clear, however. The writer of these journals was telling him to eat durlig, a plant so foul-tasting that humans literally avoided it. The writer had created this plant to keep his people strong, Gauss learned. He had devoted himself to perfecting the plant until the death of his people, when he had followed another path with creatures that would not need the plant. The writer, the creator of durlig, was Iscin.

Gauss spent many months combing through the resources he had uncovered. During this time, he forced himself to a steady diet of durlig. In less than a year his body was stronger and better developed than that of the best of his tribe. He knew then that he had both the knowledge and the proof with which he could elevate his people from their grueling existence. Guass the book-learner, Guass the dreamer, returned home.

End of part I. Next month, Part II:
GUASS THE LEADER/GUASS AND MAYTRISH



FOOD ON JORUNE

Jorune Culture by Andrew Leker

When out of doors, Ardothians eat mainly sandwiches and fried food. Durlig leaves are often used to pick up food; fried durlig chunks called "bryits" are crispy on the outside, making them neat enough to be eaten by hand. Meals eaten in the home are served primarily in wooden bowls (fine brynk hardwood is preferred) and are eaten with spoons. Although plates and forks are available in most homes, a typical Ardothian meal doesn't require them. Meats are usually cut up into small pieces before being served. The basis for this style of eating is very old. When Burdothians came to understand durlig's importance, there was great impetus to introduce this bad tasting vegetable into their diet. Children were especially urged to eat durlig with every meal. Eventually, people started cooking more casseroles and stews that used diced durlig heart as a base. As a result, most Ardothian food served in the family setting uses durlig. Bad children are served their boiled or baked durlig plain.

Thiven control more than 65% of the fast food market. Their little kiosks, booths and stands litter Ardoth's streets. Although only involved in the food industry for thirty or forty years, they have come up with some strikingly original means of preparing durlig. Although rumored to sneak questionable meats into their recipes (beagre and rat), people continue to eat thiven food with broad smiles. And although very greasy, it tastes good and contains enough durlig to keep a body healthy. The thivin klades in Ardoth protect their prized, secret recipes.

For a yule you can purchase a bag of bryits, a mug of squaum, and three crisps. They called it the food deal of the century. What makes it possible to enjoy these same plates over and over again is the constantly changing thiven recipe. They aren't trying to hit the perfect formula, nor are they capable of it.

Thivin don't eat the food they prepare...

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THEEBUR K'MONO'S BRIGHT IDEA

*A Jorune mini-campaign by
Andrew Leker and Mark Wallace*

Bochigon Detruedew has been held in a keeper rod for thousands of years. He was a beast of battle trained by the Lamorri long before the arrival of the Earth colony to Jorune. Detruedew was the finest of the Lamorri war bochigon. After the battle of the Hie Plains, in which he killed and maimed more than 200 shanthic warriors, he was captured and imprisoned in a keeper rod "till the end of time," or about 4500 years, which is what the thiddle calculate the maximum stable life time of a keeper rod to be.

Detruedew lies now in stasis...

Theebur K'Mono was assigned to the north end of the fifth floor basement hallway during the fourth bicentennial spring cleaning and inventory of the Tan-Iricid Mountain Crown. Confronted with at least three days hard labor of cleaning out old dusty storerooms, he soon found that each trivial object began to hold that special fascination and interest born only of an intense urge towards procrastination. Now, in true thriddle fashion, instead of just counting and recording the presence of each object, he would while away minutes and hours pondering why it was there, who had first obtained it for thriddle posterity, whether it has any useful function today, and any other thing that would justify the time he was taking compiling extensive and detailed notes. Each additional page meant he could put off scrubbing the floor at least another five minutes.

When he first came upon the small black packing chest, he assumed it was yet another piece of intricately detailed but ultimately dull shanthic pottery. As it turned out, the vase inside held a somewhat more exceptional object: a shanthic keeper rod -- probably just another shanthic convict or sicko -- but this one looked much older than the other rods he had inventoried, and the shanthic inscription was in a tongue so long dead that he couldn't even place it, much less read any of it.

He carried it down the hall to his supervisor Eshid F'lavu. F'lavu couldn't read the inscription either, but was unimpressed with Theebur's overenthusiastic effort to annotate his inventory forms. "This inventory hasn't changed in hundreds of years, but the floors are a darned sight dirtier. Your effort is best spent in sweeping and

scrubbing," said F'lavu.

Theebur did his best not to hear this advice. He pondered the keeper rod some more, and he remembered his math professor's lecture the week before: "Formation and stability of point source Isho distortors/attractors." The theory attempted to explain in a more rational light the motivation behind strange rituals that the shanthas employed in making keeper rods. The most interesting result of this analysis was the theoretical impossibility of a keeper rod remaining stable for any more the 4634.3 +/- .2 years. This theory was considered to be a radical departure from the previous thriddle theories of keeper rods, but no keeper rod had ever been found that was more the five millennia old, so no one had been able to disprove the professor's theory. Theebur wondered how old this rod really was. In his day-dreaming Theebur saw himself seated behind the podium at next week's symposium, glibly presenting the rod as evidence that would discredit and defame his slave-driving math professor.

Time to Think

Theebur continued his inquiry into the keeper rod's origins and over the weeks that followed he discovered the identity of the rod's captive - Detruedew, the legendary war bochigon. Still more impressive was the age determined of the rod - 4633 years, 11 months. As shanthic lore was a specialty of Theebur's, he knew of this beast's reign of destruction more than 1400 years before the Earth colony's arrival. Detruedew, still thirsty for the taste of battle, is due to be released from his keeper rod in four months, plus or minus 21 days. That is, if the professor's theory was correct. The only way for Theebur to find out is to wait and see, but his father, Thrillmin O'Mono, advises him to do his watching elsewhere. "Unleash the unholy one within the confines of the great halls of the Mountain Crown and you will read with the others no longer."

The young thriddle decides to dispose of the keeper rod as far from his island home of Tan-Iricid as possible. Theebur arranges to take it to a distant land where books would not be endangered. Ardoth was the perfect place.

Theebur took a leave of absence from his cleaning, much to the dismay of his supervisor. "Theebur K'Mono, you will work longer hours when you return... And where are you going with that keeper rod?" The juvenile replied, "Longer hours, longer hours. Yes. That will suit both of us well. Oh, the

rod... An expended keeper rod, which I wish to use as a support for an antique couch." Lies came not easily from K'Mono's mouth, but as any thriddle from this part of the world knows, a well placed lie can save a youngster days of lectures and speeches from his elders. His supervisor's parting words echoed vacantly through his ears as he left. "Invite no bronth to stand upon this couch's arm; the keeper rod can not support its weight."

The keeper rod was built into the arm support of a couch. It would enter Ardoth without question in this form. Theebur readied it for the sea journey ahead, and invited his friend Klo'San Gi'Omo to travel along with him.

Bochigon Fun

That's the story so far. The rest of Theebur's adventures are waiting for player characters and a sholari to begin the campaign that follows. The following is an outline of events with which to play out this scenario.

1. When Theebur and his friend arrive in Ardoth, they bribe an Ardothian Bazaar auctioneer to include their antique couch in an estate sale for a recently deceased drenn. They will secretly collect a small fee from the sale of the couch that will pay for their stay in Ardoth and ship fare home. No one will know of their involvement in the sale but the auctioneer, who promises to keep quiet in exchange for a 1st edition copy of "Slen Sven's Romance Poetry of Sydra."

2. The players are assumed to be tauther looking to have their challisks pulled for work. If appropriate, they are looking for challisk marks and money. For sholari's with non-tauther players, adapt what follows to a work for pay scheme.

3. Their challisks are pulled by Fender Grendarian, an eccentric Ardothian muadra businessman who collects fine antiques. He has examined the items to be auctioned at the estate sale, and hires the players to attend the sale and bid up to 15 gl on the couch he has fallen so in love with. He must attend a similar sale in Monerey the same day. (For sholari without Companion Jorune: Ardoth or Companion Jorune: Burdoth, Monerey is a quaint city located just up the coast of Ardoth.)

4. Players attend the auction, but are unable to purchase the desired article because Chandall Worterwick, an Ardothian muadra businesswoman has bid over 300 gl for the entire collection of the estate.

5. When the players report back to Fender Grendarian, they receive a tongue-lashing. Fender's face lights with rage so great his nose sparkles with Isho and his teeth crackle and hiss as small bolts leap through his mouth. The players are to go to Chandall's home in the Lelsh neighborhood in Ardoth and bid 45 gl for the couch. Fender does not want Chandall to know that it is he who wants the couch. Players should begin to detect signs of hostility between Fender and Chandall with the sholari's help.

6. When the players travel to Chandall's estate and make their bid, Chandall faces them with the fact that she knows who they are working for and will not sell the couch for any price. "It must be worth over 100 gl if that old cobbige canacle wants it so badly." Be sure to place several pocket-tarro through the luxurious home. Pocket-tarro will screech if players raise their voices. (see Beagre and Beyond this month).

7. Upon walking back to Fender's with more bad news, they encounter two thriddle receiving money from Glistar McFay, a street wise, yord-backed informer (one who buys information on the streets and sells it to the yords, who are the city guards). At least one of the players must recognize her. And when the thriddle (thriddle can be singular or plural without adding an 's', like aircraft) leave her, she will approach the players. "Just got a juicy rumor from those boys. Anyone interested for 10 gl? Has to do with some furniture I know you tauther are interested in."

8. The players can purchase this information from Glistar McFay, or they can try to track down the thriddle. Either way they will pay about 10 gl. What they are paying for is the knowledge that a keeper rod has been placed among the furniture in the estate sale. And that this keeper rod contains some large, ancient creature that could possibly damage the rugs of the posh Chandall estate. This creature is due to emerge if not released within a few days.

9. If the players give this information to Fender, he will order them to break into Chandall's estate late at night and steal the keeper rod, lest some great beast ruin her precious Dobren carpets. A drenn cannot order tauther to do their bidding, but he/she can make a convincing case. They are told by Fender that Drenn wall citations are possible if they can retrieve the keeper rod before trouble breaks out.

10. Depending upon the desired length of the campaign, two possibilities emerge. The sholari can either allow the keeper rod encrusted couch to be the one desired by Fender Grendarian, or go back and change the item originally sought. Perhaps Fender wanted a table made from glispine wood from the East Trinnu Jungle Lands, or a cream serving set, or a beautifully crafted bed imported from Lelligire. Players are about to go searching for the keeper rod. If it's in the couch they were seeking, it will speed up the campaign considerably.

11. At night, the players should attempt to sneak into the Chandall's home without being noticed. Make some Spot and Listen rolls for nearby yords if you think they are making too much noise. As Fender has told them, Chandall is still gone even this late at night, attending a party in the Citadel.

12. Most items from the estate sale have been unwrapped and placed on display or used in some form. There is still a room full of crates that remain unopened. If the players know that the keeper rod is in the couch, they can go right to it. Otherwise, they have to search through everything until they discover it. Make the search as interesting as possible. Let them use Isho scanning skills. Let the players come across tall light fixtures that could easily conceal a keeper rod. Let the players take the whole house apart looking for. Drop clues here and there, but leave most of it up to them.

13. If they reach the couch, they'll find the keeper rod used as the left arm rest. Prying it off will ruin the couch (so what, big deal). The keeper rod has 13 hours before it releases the bochigon unless Isho is used in its presence. The weave of any orb, bolt, kerning, etc. will cause the keeper rod to release in 2D6 minutes. Even if Isho scanning-techniques are used it will be enough to destabilize the rod, and cause it to release a bright white orb that flies three meters before forming into the 9 ton war bochigon Detruedew, a steaming mass of horrific animal anger, raging and ready for destruction. Here are stats on the bochigon:

A Typical Bochigon

Reaction: Dangerous	Skin: No Armor
Advantage: +1	Speed: 2d6+4
Defense Size: +4	Defense Success: 16
Attack Strength: +3 (hooves)	Attract Success: 12 (claws)
Attack strength: +4 (mouth)	Attack Success: 13 (injector)
To Hit: -5	Origin: Ramian

Note that Lamorri based life, like the ramian and the bochigon are immune to Isho from the Shal group (dyshas that affect the mind).

The War Bochigon: Detruedew

Reaction: Dangerous	Speed: 2d6+6
Defense Size: +4	Defense Success: 9
Attack Strength: +5 (hooves)	Attract Success: 5 (hooves)
Attack strength: +5 (mouth)	Attack Success: 7 (mouth)
To Hit: -6	Origin: Ramian

Skin: Heavy plate (-3 to all but energy weapon attacks, -2 to Energy weapon attacks)

14. The beast will lay waste to whatever environment it enters, be it Chandall's estate, Fender's home, the Ardoth Zoo, etc.

15. The remainder of the campaign is left to the sholari. Given the stats on the bochigon, its course of action should be self evident. Try not to let the players kill the beast if possible - such an august creature should roam free (outside the city if possible). Reward players with challisk marks if they act in good faith toward Fender. Any character that goes above and beyond the call of duty will receive a mark on the Drenn Wall. The sholari should not be overly cautious in tempering the actions of the yords; the release of the bochigon can be used to disrupt the campaign and allow the characters an easy exit if desired.

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BEAGRE AND BEYOND

By Amy Leker

Last month we had a question about different types of tarro. This month we'll go into the promised detail and describe a variety of these screeching pets/pests. The quick description here will save you some leafing through your sholari guide:

Tarro are omnivorous Jorune natives which live in densely overgrown, heavily forested areas. These creatures react wildly to intruders, often scurrying about in a frenzy. Some tarro are capable of launching the stiff dysha.

When frightened, tarro may "screech." The sound they make is so unpleasant, and usually lasts so long, that most creatures are forced to either cover their ears or escape the noise. Trained tarro can be taught to screech upon command.

The long arms of the tarro make it easier for them to grab and run away with small objects. Pilfering is their favorite pastime. Multiply their Strength (2D6) by 2 to determine their carrying capacity in pounds.

"I caught a stiff-backed tarro making off with a favorite knife one night. And you know what? I had to let him have it."

Danthro Krose
Drenn Explorer

Only the bronth really seem to have a feel for tarros, and it is in Dobre that they are trained. Occasionally humans in Dobre or Burdoth will accept a bronth-trained tarro as a pet, as they make excellent "watchdogs," and are amusing to watch. They can be trained to do many things besides screech on command. Manual dexterity is the name of the game with tarro; they can fetch, toss, climb, and steal. Those most likely to travel with tarro are bronth (for companionship), those with something to protect (as a watchdog), and githerin (to provide them with extra income or diversions).

Although there are different types of tarro, all share the same basic physical characteristics (They use Tra-sense, being Jorune natives. They have four arms, two legs, and a tail to steady them.). The differences in the types is in size and temperament.

Stiff-Backed Tarro: The stiff-backed tarro, native to Dobre, is never domesticated. Its spiky hide is no fun to touch, it frequently reacts to disturbances with its stiff dyssha, and its screech is most unholy. They have turned on even the best of bronth trainers, and are hunted when their numbers grow so large that their populations intrude into borders of towns.

Pocket Tarro: The pocket-tarro are most frequently imported into Burdoth, usually headed for an upper class Ardothian home. These small, cuddly tarro are the most easily tamed, and seldom screech. They are status symbols of the upwardly-mobile Lelsh teen set.

Common Tarro: The common tarro (referred to as "tarro") is the domesticated tarro of choice among Dobrens. They seem proud of their keen watchdog abilities, and will perform a number of useful tricks in exchange for a treat. But beware: even in the

coziest of relationships with tarro, their motto always seems to be "trick or treat," and trick always equates to a most unpleasant screech.

Borkelbey Tarro: Borkelbey tarro are common south of Dobre. They are the heaviest of their species, weighing in excess of 40 pounds when fully grown. If shy can be applied to tarro, the borkelbey is such a beast. But so clumsy! It is not uncommon for them to plummet into the paths of those who startle them out of the branches above.

The hides of each race of tarro differ slightly. The stiffbacked are gray with black streaks, the pocket-tarro have smooth off-blue skin, the common tarro have gray/green skin, and the borkelbey are black and green. All strains of tarro have the same number of arms, and none have eyes. The challenge of training tarro has caught the interest of nearly all intelligent races, though few have consistently boasted successful results like the bronth, who call such experts "Bosins," or "Great Watchers."

By Amy Leker

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SCRAGGERS

■ The price list for shanthic blades on page 58 of the Sholari Guide are incorrect. Replace this table with:

<u>Bonus</u>	<u>Price</u>
+1	7 gc
+2	15 gc
+3	3 gs
+4	5 gs

Earth/Jorune

We appreciate any feedback you may have relating to the segment. Please address all correspondence to:
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